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WITH SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT:  
THE PARIS EXHIBITION | SIXPENCE.



THE OPENING OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION: PRESIDENT LOUBET DELIVERING HIS ORATION.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A cynical person once remarked that Brighton would be a nice seaside place if it were not for the surf of humanity that beats upon the shore. Brighton, no doubt, is a little weighted by its own popularity—by the ease with which a joyous multitude at holiday-time can transport itself there from London. "I should like to see the face of a Regency buck if he could be resuscitated and suddenly set down in the middle of the King's Road on Easter Monday. One of the early portraits of the Queen shows us a little lady in a large bonnet walking in that thoroughfare with her mother. Public interest is represented by about half a dozen respectful sightseers. The Regency buck is there, with his high stock and curly brimmed hat, sublimely unconscious of democracy and representative institutions. What would he have said if he could have seen another Princess Victoria, granddaughter of the first, walking with small nephews and nieces on the Brighton Pier, helping them to put pennies into chocolate-machines, until they were recognised by the crowd and accompanied for the rest of the stroll by a gigantic escort, wholly devoid of rank and fashion?"

Whenever I am in Brighton, I make a desperate effort to recapture its old associations. There is the Pavilion, now just for a moment I fancy it the likeliest place for Scheherazade to relate those thousand-and-one legends to a credulous Sultan. I can think of Anacreon Moore's penning under that roof the engaging couplet—

The best of all ways to lengthen our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my boys!

But then I remember that the Pavilion is now the haunt of public meetings, and that the melodies which steal a few hours from the night belong to discreet concerts, and carriages ordered at 10.30. It reminds me of the school-boy's essay on Perkin Warbeck: "Perkin Warbeck was the man who said he was the son of a Prince, but he was really the son of respectable parents." Yes, the Pavilion has discarded its princely ancestry, and its respectable parentage is attested by the clergy and the municipal authorities. And yet it has one link with crime even in my recollection. I sat in its halls for the first time many years ago at a Social Science Congress. The chair was taken by a member of Parliament, very eloquent, full of reforming zeal. Not long afterwards it was found that he habitually sought to lengthen his days by stealing something that was not common property, and he was sent to shorten them in penal servitude.

I like to wander among the old Brighton houses, with their quaint bow-windows, and speculate in which of them lingers the spirit of Clive Newcome's excellent aunt, sister of the reverent but graceless Charles Honeyman. Miss Martha Honeyman has always been much more real to me than the Prince Regent; and this very morning I saw in the King's Road, perched on a drag, and looking a little pale, as if some adventure had tried their nerves, Lord Kew and the Honourable Jack Belsize, and Miss Ethel Newcome, whose pluck when the horses ran away with them on the Downs excited the Honourable Jack's admiration. Horses don't run away with charming girls on the Downs now, I believe, because it is no longer fashionable to drive there. A friend who is on horseback every morning of his life tells me he dislikes the Downs. "They are sloppy when it's wet," he says, "and slippery when it's dry." I ascribe this opinion to that malady of morbid discontent which saps every enjoyment except golf. It is only the golfer who sings now, "O who will o'er the Downs so free?" But even golf is threatened by the poison of cynicism. In "The Man of Forty," at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Aubrey Smith gives a diverting sketch of a forlorn idealist, who has blundered in everything, and sees nothing before him but years of golf "with an ever-increasing handicap." As I purpose to take up golf presently as a fresh distraction in a busy and animated career, I protest against this insinuation that it is the last refuge of the moral bankrupt.

Brighton is scoured here and there by fortune's caprice and neglect. I can remember when the "Zoo" on Sunday was a necessary of life. The refrain of a once popular ballad comes back to me—

The O.K. thing on Sunday  
Is walking in the Zoo.

Time was when it was the "O.K. thing" to be seen at the Brighton Aquarium. The opening of that institution on Sunday was the subject of fierce litigation. Earnest people declared that to gaze at fish in tanks was to desecrate the Sabbath. Fashion has long since tired of the fish; it has tired also of the Pier, which is frequented by the mere multitude. Only the democracy and representative institutions patronise the musicians and showmen who assemble in little detached parties on the shingle. Brighton never had a beach; there is only a scanty footing of pebbles for minstrels, who address their timid appeals to the thronged esplanade above them. At Ramsgate the sands are alive with audacious gaiety. Here the shingle sends up a little plaintive warbling and strumming, and the gentleman who collects the precarious bounty of the

audience stands on the edge of the parapet, holding on by the railing, and as he extends a shell to catch the none too prodigal penny, murmurs, "Just before you go, Sir!" He is an artificial exotic, this minstrel, a Pierrot with a costume and complexion wholly uncongenial to our east wind and fitful April sun. I suppose this disguise is adopted to lure democracy and representative institutions into the belief that the irresponsible lightheartedness of the Pierrot harmonises with our climate and national character. A few yards away is a troupe of mulattos: three girls in maroon velvet, and a youth with curly hair and a guitar. All have dazzling teeth and eyes like sparkling coffee-beans, and the girls have a natural grace which is unmistakably tropical. I think the crowd prefers the British Pierrot, just as it would prefer the home-grown nigger-minstrel to the real plantation Sambo. There used to be a local entertainer who sold candy and bore some resemblance to Disraeli. He is gone, like many another landmark, and I do not greatly admire in his stead the eccentric who wears a high white hat, and an inscription on his back, and looks like General Cronjé.

If Brighton has a fault, it is a lack of proportion between sea and town. As a humble lover of Nature, I submit that the sea ought to preponderate. On the contrary, it is democracy and representative institutions that preponderate even in a high wind, when the waves pretend to have their blood up, and scatter their showers of spray on the seawall. Any poetically minded observer who has stood at the end of the Pier, and vainly striven to detach himself sufficiently from the crowd to quote Byron's injunction to the ocean, might enter the Hôtel Métropole, where I am writing, gaze at the monstrous concourse at dinner-time, and exclaim, "Dine on, thou horde of hungry mortals, dine!" This spectacle is not so majestic as the ocean, although you must admit that, considering how primitive is the process of eating and drinking, civilisation has made it marvellously picturesque. Lovely woman can ply knife and fork without spoiling your illusions. Nay, she can even handle a glass in a way that gives an intoxicating grace to the curve of the arm. But the poetically minded man, regarding this cumulative meal of hundreds, which is like the charging of a huge electrical battery, must feel that in the suggestion of sheer force it eclipses the sea, feebly thumping the pebbles on the shore. The practical man, pondering the admirable management which gives a dinner on this scale without a hitch, may wish that equal genius were conspicuous in the management of the national business, especially at the War Office.

The Paris Exhibition is open, and Mr. Kruger's "peace" missionaries have begun their tour of Europe. They would be better employed if they would make a Boer laager at the Exhibition and entertain visitors with illustrations of the manners and customs of their country. Mr. Kruger cannot understand why European Governments will not interfere to save him from the penalties of his folly. He receives foreign volunteers in the Boer army, and treats their advice with polite indifference. It is the fixed belief of the Boer that he has nothing to learn from the world at large. None the less, Mr. Kruger considers it the duty of Europe and America to help him against England. His envoys are said to be armed with secret documents. This story suggests that Mr. Kruger may have heard of the secret dossier in the Dreyfus case, and surmised that this is the kind of evidence which imposes upon European statesmen. It might go down in America, because the Americans are in an electioneering mood. Mr. McKinley is not sure of the German vote, and as the German vote is pro-Boer, a secret dossier, painting England in the darkest colours, might be useful to the Republican managers. Congress, it is expected, will pass resolutions of sympathy with the Transvaal, not because Congress believes in the Boers, but simply to conciliate the German electors. It is privately explained that these resolutions must not be taken as expressions of rooted hostility to England. If they were adopted by a European Legislature they might lead to serious complications; but we are begged to remember that in America they are only part of the electioneering game.

It is a very dangerous game, for it cannot be played without fomenting this anti-British animus, which is already quite strong and quite ignorant enough. There are many Americans who believe that England is bent upon crushing the Transvaal because England is a monarchy and the Transvaal is a model Republic. Such people lack either the inclination or the brains to understand the truth. Now, the American politicians who do understand it, who know that England has had far greater provocation from the Transvaal than America had from Spain, these men are deliberately truckling to the ignorance and malice of part of their electorate, and telling us not to mind, as they will make it all right after the Presidential election. They will do well to consider that by this cynical policy they run the risk of alienating decent sentiment on both sides of the Atlantic. Certainly, nobody in this country will make any pretence of accepting assurances which are manifestly worthless.

## THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

Interest is naturally centred in the resumption of Lord Roberts's advance, news of which cannot be much longer delayed. It is not to be expected that such news will at first be definite and detailed, for, as was pretty plainly evidenced in his invasion of the Free State, Lord Roberts is not the man to herald a forward movement with a flourish of trumpets. Indeed, it is quite possible that the advance may have reached Brandfort before we hear that it has commenced. But there is no question as to its imminence. The time originally allowed for the halt has elapsed; there has been a steady flow into Bloemfontein of reinforcements, supplies, and remounts, and the troops are straining at the leash.

Lord Roberts moves with between 40,000 and 60,000 troops, including three brigades of cavalry, and a new Mounted Infantry Division under the command of General Ian Hamilton, with Generals Hutton and Ridley as his Brigadiers. With such a mounted force available for turning movements it is not likely that the Boer positions either at Brandfort or at Kroonstad will necessitate very long or costly negotiation. But every step in the advance will involve the subtraction from the fighting line of fresh units for the protection of the communications, and by the time the invasion of the Transvaal commences, it will be highly desirable that a large proportion of General Buller's force now in Natal shall have cleared the frontier, and be marching *pari passu* with Lord Roberts's army, and, perhaps, with a force coming southwards from Rhodesia, on the Transvaal capital.

Meanwhile, the flanking movement attempted by the Boers has resulted, so far as they are concerned, in a very painful surprise. After their capture of a detachment of Royal Irish Rifles and Mounted Infantry near Reddersburg, a determined attempt was made to envelop and crush a British force under Colonel Dalgety, consisting almost entirely of Colonial troops, which had recently occupied a position near Wepener, some eighty miles south-east of Bloemfontein, and adjacent to the Basuto frontier. Colonel Dalgety proved more than equal to the occasion, and not only held his own, but inflicted such loss on the enemy as to cause them "great despondency." Meanwhile, General Brabant, who was lying with the remainder of the Colonial Division at Aliwal North, was reinforced from the south, and advanced swiftly via Rouxville to Colonel Dalgety's aid, with the result that the Boers round Wepener were forced to withdraw without having accomplished anything beyond a sharp repulse.

Before resuming his advance Lord Roberts has taken some important steps towards safeguarding the south-eastern portion of the Free State from future raids. Springfontein, General Gatacre's former headquarters, is to be occupied by the Eighth Division, under General Rundle, and a policy of *promenades militaires* will probably be set on foot, which will both keep the country quiet and make guerrilla warfare on the part of the enemy difficult. A rearrangement of divisional and brigade commands has been carried out, a painful feature of which is the supersession of General Gatacre, who has been ordered home, and whose post in command of the Third Division is now occupied by General Pole-Carew. An Eleventh Division has been formed, and is to be taken over by Sir Archibald Hunter, who is coming from Natal.

On the Western Border, Lord Methuen has been working from Boshof in a southerly direction, presumably with the idea of holding, if not of hemming in, the Boer force which appears to be in the neighbourhood of Cronjé's old position at Paardeberg. General Douglas, one of Lord Methuen's Brigadiers, has been operating round Zwartkopsfontein, and has had several skirmishes, but as yet no serious collision has been reported. At Fourteen Streams there have been brisk artillery duels, but no important developments. Evidently Colonel Barter's orders are to keep the enemy's attention well occupied in order to screen some movement which is being made quietly for the relief of Mafeking. The latter has been entered by a bold officer of the Rhodesian Regiment, who has succeeded in getting back to Plumer's force with despatches, and who reports the garrison "all well" up to April 5.

An important diversion may be expected at no distant date from the north, towards which a force of about 5000 Colonial mounted troops is proceeding via Beira and Marandellas to Victoria. Sir Frederick Carrington, who is to command the force, will land at Beira in a day or two, and is not likely to let the grass grow under his feet. Whether these 5000 mounted infantry are intended to form a separate column of a converging attack upon Pretoria, or are to be mainly employed in cutting off the enemy's line of retreat, they will constitute a very important factor, and one which the Boers will regard with particular disquietude.

In Natal there has been an attempt by the Boers to outflank General Clery's Division the greater portion of which is encamped to the north of Ladysmith, at Elands-laagte. There has been an interchange of artillery-firing and some "sniping," but no definite results, the Boers not caring to show themselves too freely, while General Buller has something better to do than to court an engagement under unfavourable conditions with the 7000 of the enemy who are strongly posted on the Biggarsberg. All in good time this wasps' nest will have to be cleared out, but for the present there are probably other preparations being made, to which the various forces posted in front of Ladysmith afford a useful screen. When General Buller does move it will undoubtedly be to some purpose, and under much more favourable conditions than heretofore.

The publication on Wednesday of the official reports on the Spion Kop affair provoked much public comment. The despatches disclosed a regrettable confusion in the military operations on the Tugela, and revealed a distinct want of confidence on that particular occasion in the chief Commander in Natal on the part of Lord Roberts, who wrote home: "Whatever faults Sir Charles Warren may have committed, the failure must also be ascribed to the disinclination of the officer in supreme command to assert his authority, and see that what he thought best was done." But was it right of the Secretary of State to publish this?



## THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The opening of the Paris Exhibition on Saturday last took place with the usual accompaniments—flattering speeches delivered in pauses between the sound of hammer and plane. In 1870 our own International Exhibition was ushered in as the bond of brotherhood between nations, the herald of peace among men. Such aspirations, however transient, are memorable, and nobody will grudge President Loubet a peroration which connects the Paris Exhibition of to-day with the progress of the world. For the moment the progress of the Exhibition buildings is as much as can easily be taken in hand. Of the enormous concourse of sheds and palaces—the architecture ranges between the one and the other—some are still in the skeleton stage; but the next few weeks, or days even, will work wonders. Our illustrations are typical. The "Old Paris" section of the Exhibition has the brilliant variety of French Gothic. Not even "Old London" could present such a play of change and fancy in gable, pinnacle, and roof. The houses are not more richly beamed than many in England or Germany, but there is a frolicsome character in the tracery that is local and according to long traditions. Some dignity, too, in advance of its English contemporary city, this ancient Paris has in the fact that the French buildings are not so Lilliputian in size as were ours in those "stalwart" days. The "Palace of Naval and Military Warfare" has the inevitable character of such erections—repetition. The towers at the ends do more or less give it proportion; but there never was a building intended to contain a collection of things brought together for exposition and not for use that did not look as though it might not be continued indefinitely in length.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ZAZA," AT THE GARRICK.

"Zaza"—the notorious Réjane play written by MM. Berton and Simon, and just brought out at the Garrick—deals with a *liaison* contracted by a café-chantant girl, and expresses the April humours and the tigerish passion of this cocotte with a startling and aggressive realism. The first act, which is laid behind the scenes of a provincial concert-hall, is rather tedious in its detailed exposure of stage quarrels, stage make-up, and stage thunder. The second act, which shows the chameleonism of the marriage of her protector, is noticeable as affording the stage heroine an opportunity for depicting amorous ecstasy and vulgar jealousy. In the third act, Zaza, bent on showing up her lover to his wife, but diverted from her purpose by the entrance of their little daughter, indulges in some very Gallic and rather mawkish sentiment. And you have to wait for the rise of the fourth curtain before farce and low comedy are left behind and a really fine emotional scene is reached. Fortunately, the passages in which Zaza first expresses her frenzied love for Dufresne and then repays his insults by nauseous denunciations afford the leading actress some really magnificent opportunities. And herein Mrs. Leslie Carter, an American player gifted with a wonderful vitality, acts with a nervous intensity, a vehement passion, and an unabashed naturalism that can scarcely be paralleled on the modern English stage.

"THE PASSPORT," AT TERRY'S.

If Mr. Terry must start his season with a revival, he probably shows himself wise in relying on so effective a play as Messrs. Stephenson and Yardley's stage version of "My Official Wife." The fun is cleverly kept up throughout the three acts of "The Passport." Mr. Edward Terry and Mr. Lionel Brough furnish the respective parts of Christopher Coleman and George Greenwood with some admirable and well-contrasted low comedy, while Miss Gertrude Kingston, in her old part of Mrs. Darcy, supplies a very charming and very diverting example of high comedy. The new programme at Terry's ought to serve as an excellent stop-gap.

"TESS," AT THE COMEDY.

When the fable of a strenuous novel is transferred to the stage and thereby deprived of all kinds of connections, subtleties, and elucidations, it becomes almost invariably sheer sensationalism. "Tess" turns out no exception to this rule. It makes a moving melodrama, adorned with local colour and provided with comic relief. But it fails to probe the souls or to analyse the motives of Alec Trilridge, Angel Clare, or Tess Durbeyfield, and it affords only picturesque sets and one or two comic scenes in lieu of Mr. Hardy's exquisite descriptions of Wessex rural life and Wessex dairy-maids. The acting of Mr. Kennedy's stage version of Mr. Hardy's novel is just what was expected from the company engaged. Mrs. Lewis Waller, who is nothing like Tess in appearance, in manner, or in temperament, conveys only the very slightest hint of the tumult stirring in the heroine's soul. As Angel Clare, Mr. Oswald Yorke reveals a fine voice, and does his best to atone for the absence of Mr. Forbes Robertson; while Mr. Fred Terry, the Alec Trilridge, neglects the more demonic side of Tess's seducer, and revels in the obvious melodramatics of his part.

"A CLOWN'S CHRISTMAS," AT THE LYRIC.

"A Clown's Christmas," the new wordless play produced at a Lyric matinee last week, hardly provides a very arresting entertainment. Its fable is so artless—nay, so childish, that it would be entirely negligible if treated in fiction or drama; and it is not sufficiently legendary or parabolic to merit the respect due to an old acquaintance. Then the accompanying music is pretty, but curiously unexpressive; and the miming of Signor Rossi is far too florid, far too lavish of trembling hands and dilated eyes, to prove very affecting. Indeed, if truth be told, you can witness the various emotions of the new Silas Marner with something closely approaching to equanimity.

THE ALHAMBRA'S PROGRAMME.

The Alhambra—the most beautiful and best ventilated of our variety theatres—offers this Eastertide a very typically interesting programme. Of the two ballets played here, one is that stirring military spectacle entitled "Soldiers of the Queen"; and the dominant spirit of

patriotism is further fostered by the exhibition of some very vivid war pictures taken at the front by a new photographic apparatus which is called by the quaint name of "chronoscope."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

At the "People's Palace of Perpetual Pleasure" a more than usually attractive programme is spread before the holiday-maker. There is an excellent variety entertainment; there are nine military bands; there are displays of fireworks, containing patriotic devices; there are cycle-races, motor-races, and balloon ascents. What more could the heart of the average Londoner desire!

## ON THE MER DE GLACE: A VIGNETTE.

BY MULLETT ELLIS.

We were on our honeymoon, Marion and I. Our headquarters were at Chamonix, and we spent weeks dawdling for the most part in the glens and valleys, but now and then heartily enjoying a day or two's hard climbing. We had many a long excursion, sometimes on mules, but more often on "Shanks's pony," both of us exhilarated by the keen mountain air, inhaling the ozone of the heights and revelling in the impressive Alpine scenery.

Of course we went to Montanvert, crossed the Mer de Glace, and so by the Mauvais Pas to the Chapeau. Indeed, we liked this so much that we repeated the well-known excursion, and on the second occasion Marion determined that we would seek mountain crystals, of which there are many near the edge of the Mer de Glace in several of the gorges. We found a good many, and after our descent of the Mauvais Pas we began to think of getting back to Chamonix. Marion was charming. I had to help the dear creature at all the difficult places, and she trembled so at the cascade that I was obliged to support her by placing my arm about her. Now that she was my own sweet wife, I had a right to render her these little aids, and Marion did not object.

Near the Chapeau we saw a painter at his easel. He was exactly in the same place as on our first visit. Previously we had only peeped surreptitiously at his work, but this time we sought a conversation with him.

It was a lovely evening. The light had left the valley, but all the heights were glorious with pink and orange and topaz against the green and violet of the sunset sky. Heavy clouds, like bars of iron with molten edges, lay over the mountains, but the principal summits towered above the masses of cloud as though they had been wrought of emblazoned gold. The painter had abandoned all attempt at working, for every moment the picture changed: carmine changing to vermilion, crimson to fire, and all the neutral hues—grey and dove-colour and dun—becoming amber and lemon and amethyst, against a sky sparkling and scintillating as though all the gems of earth, sapphire and turquoise, ruby and emerald, were ground into pigments for the palette of God.

But though the artist ceased to paint, his eyes took in the glory of the cloudland and the brilliance of the mountains; and his soul, suffused with the opalescent beauty, drank of this chalice of the splendours of Heaven, and was made holy by the incarnate sacrament on these altars of the Alps uplifted in the eternal sky.

We were silent as he. To my heart the glow of Marion's hand throbbing in my palm imparted a humanising sympathy through all this radiant spectacle which the stern, frowning, heavy-browed artist, in the loneliness of his contemplation, had no equivalent for; but he had a delight, doubtless, in the vision to which we could not soar—the delight that comes of continued observation and study and comparison. "This mere presence of the painter did somehow or other convey to me, for I never gloried in a sunset so much before; and I think the reason was that we all three felt it together through this student and observer of the gorgeous skies. He did not know we were near him till the brilliance of the colouring had faded, and then he gave a great sigh, like the gasp of a man who has come from a death-bed. Seeing me, and having his pipe in his hand, he asked for a match.

It was a come-down, but I noticed that there were tears in the man's eyes, and that he had felt in his very soul the grandeur of the scene, and his request for a pipelight was probably a mere excuse to conceal his real feeling. There was a simplicity in his manner that I have observed in artists before, but never in other men.

I struck a light for him and lit my own cigar too. Then I looked at his picture and talked about it. He always painted sunsets, he told us—never anything else—sometimes on the mountain, sometimes on the flat. He loved sunsets—they were like his children. He studied them, he knew them; they were a part of his life.

"There is a gravity in them," he said; "they are like death."

"With all its glory," I remarked.

"And its sadness," he murmured, "and disappointment."

There were tears in his eyes as he spoke, and I thought as I looked at his rugged, unkempt face, which withal was soft and sweet in expression, how little I knew of the nature and heart of man and of that complex miracle, humanity.

"Do you know," said I, "unless I am much mistaken, I have seen a good deal of your work before—in England."

"Possibly," he answered. "It goes there mostly. I never exhibit, except in London."

"I don't mean in the galleries," I replied, "I mean in my own village, Aidencombe, in Devonshire."

"Aidencombe!" he exclaimed, dropping his pipe, which rolled down the rocks and bounded into a crevasse, to be bound up in the Mer de Glace for, maybe, a million years.

"Aidencombe! Do you know Aidencombe?"

"I live there," I answered.

"I had a friend there once," he said in very gentle accents, "the dearest friend of my heart." He added the last sentence as though he spoke it to himself. "When she left it, the sunset came into my life."

I felt that I had touched some sorrow on which I had no right to intrude, so, to take the conversation into the commonplace, I said: "Well, it is at Aidencombe I have seen pictures by the same hand as this. I have no doubt they are yours: the touch is unmistakable. They are all

sunsets, too—Holland, the Thames, Cornwall. Mrs. Lambton, at whose house I have seen them, must admire your work, I should think."

"Mrs. Lambton!" repeated the artist in the same tone of surprise that I had noticed before. "Why, I know her well. She it was of whom I spoke. But she does not live in Devonshire now. She left Aidencombe when she married."

"True," I replied. "But when her husband died—she only lived a few months—she came back. She has a charming house, overlooking the Coombe, just above the fishermen's huts. You did not know she was a widow?"

He looked dazed. Marion plucked my sleeve. I lifted my hat, but he did not respond; and my wife and I resumed our ramble towards the Chapeau. At a bend in the pass, I turned to look at the artist. He was gazing at the distance, at the far-away heights, probably at the Aiguilles des Charmoz and Les Grandes Jorasses. The clouds had melted away, the sky was violet, and the mountain summits were rosy in the afterglow.

We thought no more of the painter. Our honeymoon was prolonged, for Marion became very fond of Switzerland, nor had I any pressing need to return, except to fulfil some golf fixtures. But it was rather a coincidence that when we did come back to Aidencombe the bells were ringing a wedding-peal.

I thought at first it was a little village compliment to Marion as we were returning from our honeymoon. But when I made inquiry I was told that Mrs. Lambton had been married again that very morning "to a painter-chap from Switzerland."

We are great friends now, he and I. But he has ceased to paint sunsets. His pictures are full of the gaieties and gratuities of life, and indicate in every touch his delight in living.

One of the sturdy constables who patrol the wilds of Hampstead Heath gave the writer some information last Sunday about the preparations for the Easter Bank Holiday. The authorities expected no less than 40,000 strangers to visit Hampstead in the course of the day. About four hundred extra policemen were drafted to the northern heights from various City districts. But the crowd, it seems, is exceedingly well-behaved. A few larrikins may try to gamble; but, said the man in blue with a sigh, "It's mostly lost kids."

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# THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

*Drawings by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Spings Wright.*



WAITING FOR THE QUEEN.

*Every day a small knot of people collect at one or other of the gates of the Viceregal Lodge to catch a glimpse of her Majesty in her donkey-chair or going for her afternoon drive.*

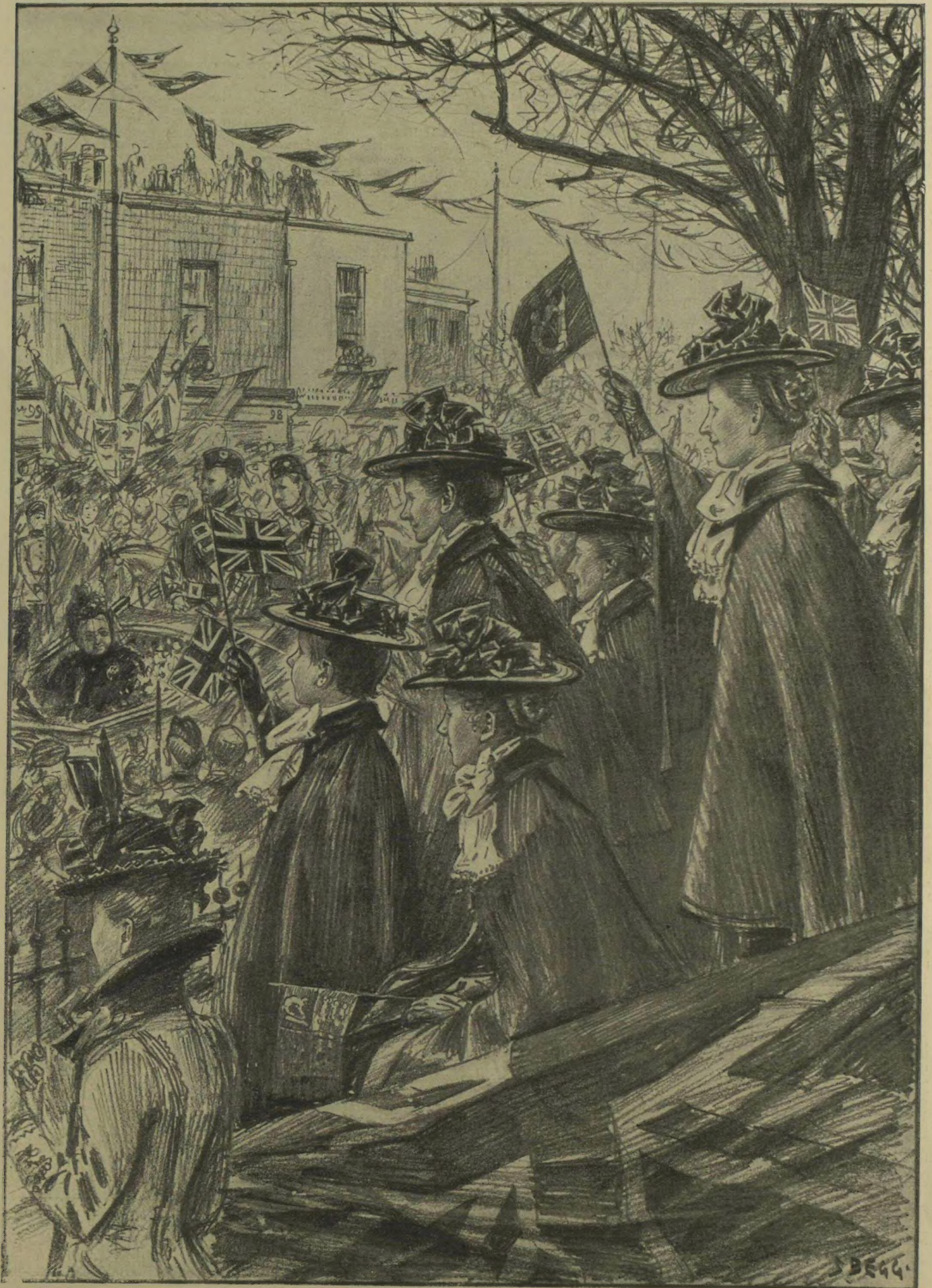


THE QUEEN IN THE PARK.

*The Queen generally enters through one gate, drives through the park, and leaves by another. In their enthusiastic loyalty the crowd races for the gate as she approaches.*



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.



INMATES OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION AND MOLYNEUX ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND CHEERING THE QUEEN AS SHE PASSED TOWARDS THE CITY GATES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. BEGG.

*It was pathetic to find these poor afflicted women so anxious to participate in the general rejoicing. As one of the inmates expressed it, "We will not be able to see her Majesty, but she will, we hope, be pleased to see us."*



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.

Despite April showers the Queen has been able to take many drives in the neighbourhood of Dublin; and if her Majesty has been obliged finally to decline a journey so far afield as Belfast, she has given the residents of the Irish capital and its vicinity an abundance of opportunities to see their Sovereign. On the wettest day a visit was made out, between the showers, to Farmleigh, Lord Iveagh's place, now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The route taken was by the Chapelizod Road and the pretty path by the Liffey, a pause being made at Knockmaroon. The royal dinner-party that evening included Lord and Lady Carysfort, Lord and Lady Clonbrock, and the Right Hon. A. H. Smith-Barry, M.P., and Mrs. Smith-Barry. Her Majesty did not attempt to take part in the opening of the Spring Flower-show of the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland, where the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Lord and Lady Cadogan did the honours. If the Queen could not manage to be everywhere, neither could she arrange to receive in person all the addresses and other offerings—some in decided prose, others in verse—which loyal subjects ambitioned to offer her. One token, however, she could not but be touched to find in her room—a basket made by a deaf and blind boy in the Richmond National Institution for the Blind in Sackville Street. In acknowledging the gift, Sir Fleetwood J. Edwards wrote to the secretary of the Institution: "Her Majesty has kept it, and would like some little present made to the boy. Would you therefore be kind enough to hand the enclosed £1 to him from the Queen?"

On another day a sort of postscript had to be written to the history of the great children's review of an earlier date. About a thousand girls and boys from Queen's County, under the auspices of Lady De Vesey, who was loyally assisted by Lady Betty Balfour, marched on to the green in front of the Vice-regal Lodge with Union Jacks and other bunting. The Queen drove in her donkey-chair through the ranks of the Queen's County's young population, who cheered their shrillest, sang "God Save the Queen," and had Queen's cakes before they set forth on their return journey.

Good Friday was passed very quietly by her Majesty, who on that day, as on Easter Sunday, attended divine service in the private chapel in the Vice-regal Lodge, and heard a sermon preached by the Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dr. Dickinson. In the afternoon her Majesty went for her usual drive, the way taken this time bringing her past the Glasnevin Cemetery, dominated by the statue of O'Connell, the Repealer whose manifestoes, as her Majesty no doubt remembers, all began with "God save the Queen!" There, too, is Parnell's grave. The Cabra Road was taken on the return journey. No preliminary announcements were made as to the Queen's whereabouts on her drives; but people everywhere—even the picturesque Carmelite monks passed during Tuesday's excursion—gathered in groups as the simple cortege went along, with its four members of the Irish Constabulary for chief bodyguard; and everywhere her Majesty was respectfully saluted or cordially cheered.

Saturday was a double domestic festival in the Dublin dwelling-place of the Queen; for it was the birthday of Princess Henry of Battenberg and Prince Christian Victor. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were the first to call at the Vice-regal Lodge with congratulations for all concerned. The day was marked by the Queen's going into Dublin for the third time, paying on her way a visit to Kilmainham Royal Hospital, the Chelsea Hospital of Ireland. At Island Bridge Barracks the troops turned out in force, and very literally in force they seemed to be. As for the Kilmainham pensioners, they numbered 140, and over a hundred were able on Saturday to salute the

Queen. One of their number, Hugh McGorian, boasts the same number of years as her Majesty; he fought the Afghans a year or two after her accession, and is the possessor of the first medal she issued to her heroes.

The incident of the week has been the presentations of addresses not from Belfast only, but from a vast number of public bodies—so many addresses, in fact, that some severity of restriction had to be observed. The best compliment the Queen could pay in reply to all these testimonies of loyalty and affection has been paid by her in her decision to prolong her stay among her Irish subjects.

## OUR WAR PICTURES.

Now that Ladysmith and Kimberley are both relieved, graphic sketches are coming in of the inside conditions that prevailed in and around the beleaguered towns. In one of our pictures this week we see how it was that the Boers

where the ship's officers have their homes. Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton had telegrams of welcome from the Queen and from the Duke of York.

## WAR PORTRAITS.

Lieutenant McLean, the young Canadian who has received from Lord Roberts a commission in the British Army, is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh McLean, who was in England last year in command of the Canadian Rifle Team. The new Lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery was only eighteen last August. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Kingston, and was one of the first officers appointed to the First Canadian Contingent in South Africa, leaving St. John, New Brunswick, to join the "G" Company. Lieutenant McLean made a great impression on Lord Methuen as a cartographer.

Second Lieutenant Douglas Blackwell Monypenny, of the 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, was one of the youngest victims of the fighting at Paardeberg towards the end of February. He was twenty-one years of age.

Captain Granville Cholmondeley Feilden, of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, wounded at Paardeberg, is thirty-seven years of age, and has held his Captaincy for nine years. Before he left for South Africa he had acted for over four years as Adjutant of the Sutherland Highland Volunteers.

Captain William Lionel Perse Gibton, whose death from dysentery took place in Ladysmith on March 19, had been in command of the 2nd Inniskillings since the battle of Pieters Hill. The only surviving son of the late Major Gibton, of Kingstown, he was born thirty-five years ago.

Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, whose command on the *Powerful* in Natal has made his name familiar as a hero of the war, was born in 1856, and is a brother of the present Earl of Durham. He saw active service at Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir, and later another sphere of duty was assigned to him, when he became Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Major Aylmer Gould Hunter Weston, of the Royal Engineers, was born in 1864, and first saw active service in the Mianzai Expedition of 1891, and then again, three or four years later, at Waziristan, where he was slightly wounded. He held his Brevet Majority from the date of the battle of Dongola, in connection with which he was mentioned, and not for the first time, in despatches.

To our many portraits of Imperial Yeomen we add this week that of Captain de Winton. The Imperial Yeomen during this month of April have been of use here, there, and everywhere at the front, and they succeeded in providing the public at home with one of its most welcome bits of war intelligence—intelligence in every sense of the word. This was the reconnaissance made by Lord Chesham and his men that resulted in the surrounding of Boers at Boshof, when sixty-eight prisoners were taken and Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil was killed. "The Imperial Yeomanry behaved like veteran troops" was the message that rejoiced their friends at home.

## THE TROUBLE IN ASHANTI.

The Golden Stool appears to be the seat of all evil in Kumasi. Sir F. Hodgson, the Governor, sent forth a detachment of constabulary in quest of it, and the quest failed. The mere news of the attempt stirred the patriotic fanaticism of the natives to flame. The quest-party was attacked; one of the constabulary was killed, another reported as missing, two were dangerously and twenty were slightly wounded. Troops from the Northern Territories and from Accra were at once bespoken; and 250 men of the Haussa force, with four officers, have since left Lagos for the scene of conflict. These troops will greatly strengthen the force of several hundred Haussas commanded by Captain Parmeter in and about Kumasi. Happily, the other natives do not join in the disturbance; though it is difficult to obtain from them active co-operation with our arms.



Duchess of Connaught. Princess Beatrice.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO DUBLIN: PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG AND THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL IN TEMPLE STREET.

From a Sketch by Mr. W. A. Donnelly.

were able to skip backwards and forwards across the Tugela so easily. They had no pontoons for bridge-building, it is true; but they made up for the want of them by stealing the sleepers of the Natal Government Railways, and making a floating bridge of them! Another of our pictures shows the huge siege-guns brought by the Relief Force into Kimberley. Beneath one of the guns Mr. Rhodes is standing in a characteristically in-toed attitude. On two other pages we see a variety of striking scenes connected with Sir George White's farewell to Ladysmith, and with the state of Kimberley after the siege was raised.

## THE RETURN OF THE "POWERFUL."

The return of the *Powerful* to home waters was made the occasion of demonstrations that were not confined to Portsmouth. National feeling had its expression at that port in the cheers and other displays of feeling that marked the home-coming of the heroes of Ladysmith; but local feeling had still to have its vent in the various places



## PERSONAL.

The Honourable John George Fraser, who formerly surrendered Bloemfontein to Lord Roberts, is the son of the Rev. Colin Mackenzie Fraser, who went to Beaufort West, Cape Colony, in 1835. There Mr. John George Fraser was born in 1840. At twelve years of age he was sent home to Inverness, along with his brother Colin, to study at the Free Church Institution. At sixteen he entered Marischal and King's Colleges, Aberdeen, where he graduated in Art and Medicine, returning to the Cape in 1861. In 1863 Mr. Fraser took up his abode in the Orange Free State, then in its infancy; and on the outbreak of hostilities with the Basutos, took the field against them as Field Cornet of the Philippolis Burgesses, and was honourably mentioned for distinguished services. In 1868 he entered the Free State Civil Service, and filled various important offices, among which were those of Secretary to the late President, Sir John Brand; Registrar of the High Courts, Secretary to the Volksraad, and Master of the Orphan Chamber. Having qualified himself for the Bar of State, he retired from the Civil Service, receiving the thanks of the Government for his meritorious services, and took up legal practice in Bloemfontein.

Mr. Fraser entered the Volksraad in 1880 as representative for Bloemfontein, and for twelve consecutive years was elected to the chair of the Volksraad. He has been one of the representatives of the State at all important political and commercial conferences since 1885. When President Reitz resigned in 1896 Mr. Fraser was asked to stand for election to the Presidential chair, but, no doubt owing to the effect of the Jameson Raid of January of that year, he was defeated by Mr. Steyn, who is married to his (Mr. Fraser's) niece. He has always championed the cause of progressive and full rights government, and has persistently opposed the policy which led the Orange Free State to ally itself with Mr. Kruger and his ambitions. It was he who rode out to hand over to Lord Roberts the keys of the Free State capital. Mr. Fraser is a member of the London Inverness-shire Association.

Mr. Frederic Blacking, Mayor of Beaconsfield, who died in Kimberley during the siege, was an old Devonian. Born at Exeter forty years ago, he settled in South Africa ten years back, and his activities at once found scope in the exercise of municipal duties of various sorts. He had been on the Beaconsfield Town Council for eight years, and during his absence in England last August was elected Mayor. Onerous tasks awaited him in that capacity, especially in connection with the organisation of relief funds; while as a Captain of the Beaconsfield Town Guard he took a busy part in the enrolment and equipment of that body. His death was due to an illness from which he had for some time suffered; and his funeral, which was a public one, was attended by Colonel Kekewich and most of the officers of the garrison, the pallbearers being the members of the Beaconsfield Town Council, and the chief mourners the widow of the late Mayor and his brother, Lieutenant Blacking.

Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil, whose death in action near Boshof has been the occasion of much stir of feeling in France, was fifty-one years of age. Educated at St. Cyr, he entered the army when he was twenty, and saw his first service in Cochinchina. In 1870 he made a figure as Captain of Chasseurs in the Army of the Loire, when he received serious wounds in the capture of Blois, and was decorated on the battlefield. With Boulanger as Minister of War, he joined the General Staff, and in 1888 went to Algiers. He

had his Coloneley in 1893, after which he held commands at Mayenne, Soissons, and again in Algeria. Five years ago a bereavement he suffered caused him to resign his posts and to devote himself to charitable work, especially in connection with Old Soldiers' societies. His espousal of the Boer cause added to his popularity in France, where his brother, Vicomte de Villebois-Mareuil, was formerly Royalist Deputy for Château-Gonthier.

Mr. Frederick Albert Bosanquet, the new Common Serjeant of the City of London, is a Queen's Counsel, and a man of wide experience at the Bar. Descended from a Monmouthshire family, who were once of the Huguenots, he was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, where he took a First Class in Classics and other distinctions, and, later, became a Fellow of King's. He has been Recorder of Worcester and Recorder of Wolverhampton, and has done duty as a Commissioner of Assize, when the supply of Judges ran short, as it did again the other day when Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., went

been made, and the position of the southern magnetic pole has been determined. The health of the intrepid sledge-travellers has been excellent, barring one casualty—for Mr. Borchgrevink and his fellow explorers have to lament the death of their comrade, Mr. Nicolai Hansen, the zoologist.

Mr. Frederick Octavius Crump, Q.C., whose death took place last Sunday evening at St. Andrew's Rectory, Hertford, the residence of his son-in-law, was the youngest son of the late Rev. J. H. Crump, and was born fifty-nine years ago. He was educated at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, and at Queens' College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1867. A good lawyer, he was also an able journalist, and the *Law Times* newspaper and reports have long flourished under his editorship. An authority himself on Marine Law, Mr. Crump was sometimes the critic of authority in other directions; and he certainly, on several occasions in his editorial articles, made good his title to be considered a reformer in matters relating to the constitutions and procedure of his profession.

Mr. William Cross, who has died in Liverpool at the age of fifty-seven, was well known as a naturalist by profession and a dealer in rare and curious animals. In the remotest corners of the world, wherever strange beasts were to be trapped, the name of Mr. Cross was known, as well as his address in Earle Street, not far from the Liverpool Exchange. Indeed, in addition to these headquarters of his, Mr. Cross had branch establishments in America, Africa, and China. He was not only an importer of animals, but was also a close student of their habits and tastes, so that he knew how best to keep them alive under climatic conditions that were not their own. China, weapons, skins, and rare shells were also bought and sold by Mr. Cross, as many a sailor knew to his interest when his vessel put into the Mersey.

Both the Royal Family and the medical profession have sustained a severe loss by the death of Sir William Priestley, M.P., who filled the office of Physician-Accoucheur to the late Princess Alice, as well as to Princess Christian. It will be remembered that he went to Darmstadt in 1866, when the Princess who is now the consort of Prince Henry of Prussia was born amid all the turmoil and terror of the Austrian War. The favourite pupil of Sir James Simpson, the great obstetrician, young Priestley carried off prizes innumerable at Edinburgh University, and, coming to London, he soon acquired a large practice. His brilliant and charming wife, a daughter of the famous Dr. Robert Chambers, author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," undoubtedly contributed by her social gifts to the success of his career. Sir William Priestley, who descended from a brother of Dr. Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, was much gratified four years ago by being returned unopposed for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews—a tribute rendered to him principally by his brother doctors. In the House of Commons he was not only respected, but cordially liked. A lifelong Conservative, he was, nevertheless, recommended for a knighthood by Mr. Gladstone in 1893. By the medical profession he was regarded as a physician of exceptionally sound judgment, and by his patients he was beloved for his singular personal charm and kindness.

Mr. John L. Langman on the 11th inst. had the gratification of receiving the following cable from the front: "Lord Roberts inspected the Langman Hospital at Bloemfontein yesterday, and expressed himself highly satisfied with the arrangements. He also desires that his thanks be conveyed to Mr. Langman for his magnificent gift."



Photo. Russell.

MR. BORCHGREVINK.



Photo. Russell.

MR. JOHN AIRD, M.P.,  
First Mayor-Designate of Tuddington.

Photo. Eason, Barrow, and Bell.

THE LATE MR. W. CROSS.



Photo. Middelbrook, Dublin.

THE LATE MR. F. BLACKING,  
Mayor of Beaconsfield, Cape Colony.

THE HON. J. G. FRASER.

Who formerly Surrendered Bloemfontein.



Photo. Messy, Nice.

THE LATE COLONEL DE VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. F. O. CRUMP, Q.C.



Photo. Russell.

THE LATE SIR W. PRIESTLEY.



Photo. Whitlock, Birmingham.

MR. F. A. BOSANQUET, Q.C.,  
New Common Serjeant.

with Mr. Justice Darling on his eventful circuit in the Midlands.

If Paddington is to have a Mayor, and the ambition seems natural enough on the part of so flourishing an area of London, the obviously right man to fill the chair is Mr. John Aird, already the representative of North Paddington in Parliament. So thought the electors, and their persuasions were sufficiently strong to make a convert of Mr. Aird himself. After some hesitation he has yielded to the wishes of those who waited upon him, and the robes and chair of mayoral office will, no doubt, henceforth be his. Mr. Aird, who was born in 1833, is a member of the great firm of contractors, John Aird and Sons; and he holds her Majesty's commission as a Lieutenant for the City of London.

News of the Antarctic Expedition has been received in Christiania from Mr. Borchgrevink, dated the Bluff, New Zealand. From this we learn that the task set before them in the Polar Expedition has been successfully performed. They reached a more southerly point than has hitherto



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM PRIVATE HUGH M'GORIAN, THE OLDEST PENSIONER IN THE ROYAL KILMAINHAM HOSPITAL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPING WRIGHT.

*At the word of command, the old campaigners, all somewhat feeble, rose to their feet and dressed upon the Duke of Connaught himself, to receive her Majesty.*



RETURN OF THE GALLANT NAVAL DEFENDERS OF LADYSMITH.



HEROES HOME AGAIN: ARRIVAL OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" AT PORTSMOUTH.



RETURN OF THE GALLANT NAVAL DEFENDERS OF LADYSMITH.



FRED. TJANE.

M.S. "POWERFUL" PASSING SOUTHSEA BEACH ON HER WAY UP PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.





HMS "POWERFUL" RETURNED TO PORTSMOUTH WITH THE NAVAL DEFENDERS OF LADYSMITH.



THE PORTLAND HOSPITAL, RONDEBOSCH; No. 9 WARD (TWO OF THE WOUNDED IN THIS WARD ARE AUSTRALIANS).



# SCENES IN LADYSMITH AFTER THE SIEGE.

*Photographs supplied by Mr. Watkinsen, Natal.*



THE GORDONS FORMING A GUARD OF HONOUR ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR GEORGE WHITE.



GENERAL BULLER LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION AFTER BIDDING FAREWELL TO SIR GEORGE WHITE.



GENERAL BULLER WITNESSING THE CONTINGENT FROM H.M.S. "TERRIBLE" ENTRAINING.



SIR GEORGE WHITE'S LEAVE-TAKING.



# REMINISCENCES OF THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY.

*Photographs by Bennett, Kimberley.*



NO. 2 REDOUBT, MANNED BY "M" COMPANY.



TROLLEYS USED AS A BARRICADE AT KENILWORTH.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BELEAGUERED TOWN.



ST. CYPRIAN'S, STRUCK BY A BOER SHELL.





*Photo, Hills and Saunders.*  
CAPTAIN DR. WINTON  
(Imperial Yeomanry).



*Photo, Warner and Son.*  
THE LATE CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. P. GISTOX  
(1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Died, Ladysmith).



*Photo, Whyte, Inverness.*  
CAPTAIN GRANVILLE C. FIELDEN  
(2nd Seaforth Highlanders, Wounded, Paardeberg).



*Photo, Ellis and Walley.*  
MAJOR HUNTER WESTON  
(Royal Engineers).



*Photo, W. and D. Passey.*  
COMMANDER THE HON. HEDWORTH LANGTON  
(H.M.S. Powerful).



*Central Photo, Co., Bournemouth.*  
SECOND LIEUTENANT D. B. MONKYPENNY  
(2nd Seaforth Highlanders, Killed, Paardeberg).



*Photo, Chinn, St. John.*  
LIEUTENANT MCLYAN  
(The Canadian who received a Commission in the British Army for skill in Cartography).

O U R W A R P O R T R A I T S.



Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY: SIEGE-GUNS BROUGHT BY THE RELIEF FORCE TO KIMBERLEY.



# THE RISING IN ASHANTI: SCENES AT KUMASI.

*From Photographs supplied by Mr. Emmett.*



1. Market Day. (Black, in Western Costume.)

2. The Garrison. (Left is the Resident.)

3. The Fort.

4. The Resident's Orderly, with Union Jack.

5. The Firing Ground.





THE QUEEN'S GUARD-SHIPS IN DUBLIN BAY: THE FLAG-SHIP SALUTING THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S PINNACE RETURNING FROM A VISIT.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Scapings Wright.*





THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN: HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT AND COUNTESS CADOGAN AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. S. Tenn.*





THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN: HER MAJESTY PASSING DOWN SACKVILLE STREET IN SEMI-STATE.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Holland Tringham.*





THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN: "SHURE 'TIS THE QUANE!"

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. BEGG.

*Her Majesty has paid unexpected visits to the poorer parts of Dublin*



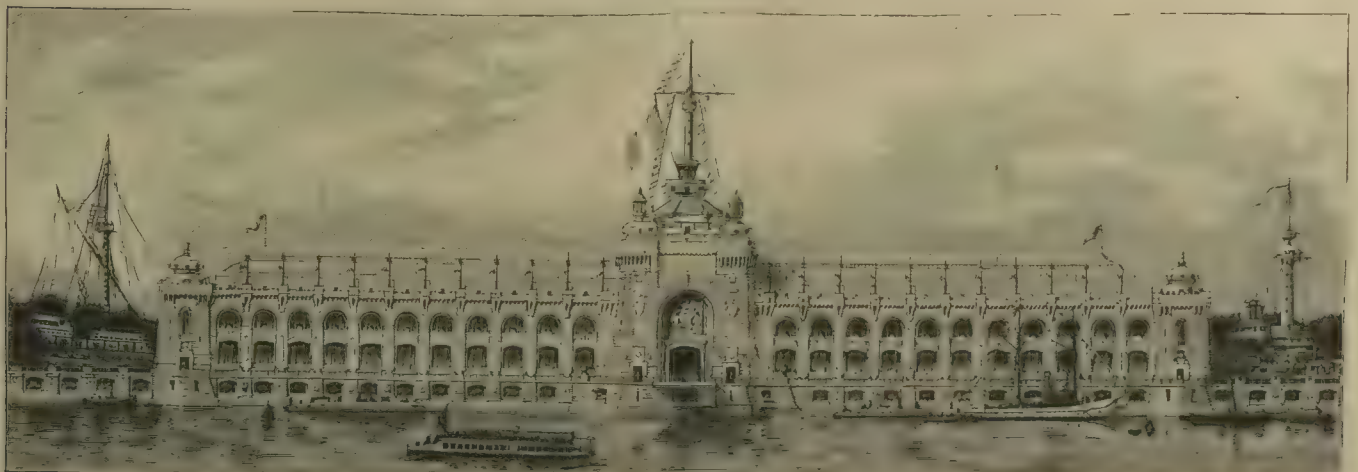
THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900.



OLD PARIS: RUE DES VIEILLES ÉCOLES.



OLD PARIS: RUE DES REMPARTS.



THE PALACE OF NAVAL AND MILITARY WARFARE: GENERAL VIEW FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE SEINE.



## A CITY OF MAGNIFICENT PROMISE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Owing to the Easter holidays, this article is written on the eve of the opening of the Paris Exhibition. I considered it necessary to mention the fact, in view of my repeated pledges to keep the reader posted-up in the latest particulars of this World's Show, which bids fair to be the most stupendous thing ever conceived by human brains and executed by human labour. As yet, however, it is scarcely more than a huge mass of architectural and decorative outlines and frameworks, which, I am afraid, it will take at least a couple of months properly to fill in. In connection with this aspect of incompleteness, the colossal figure of the modern Parisienne in ball-dress who surveys the scene from the top of the monumental gate at the Exhibition's entrance in the Champs Elysées is, at any rate at present, unwittingly symbolical. One might easily mistake it for the marble presentment of a hostess who a few hours previous to her entertaining has been deserted by her own staff of servants and compelled to engage a scratch *personnel*, and is now anxiously consulting the horizon lest some of her guests should arrive a little too early. There was a rumour the other day to the effect that the authorities had decided upon the figure's removal; but it is, after all, to remain. Perhaps the authorities, too, considered it in the light of a symbol, for it cannot be regarded as a production of classical art; but it will vastly please the non-critical.

"No sound is dissonant which tells of life," wrote Coleridge; and Pope sang "With sweeter notes each rising temple rung." If these two will leave their Elysian Fields and repair for a little while to those on the banks of the Seine, they may go back with different ideas about the dissonance of sounds connected with life and the sweetness of notes from each rising temple; for the noise round about the Place de la Concorde and the thoroughfares adjacent to the Arc de l'Etoile is ear-splitting, and it is, moreover, dear noise, as Théophile Gautier would have said; for I am told that many of its producers are being paid at the rate of fifty francs per day. It seems to me rather extravagant, but I have no means of verifying the report. One thing is, nevertheless, very certain: Paris—for France does not control the expenses of the venture—has decided to do the thing most lavishly, I will not say right royally, lest I offend the Republicans. Some time ago I gave a list of the various extra allowances to Ministers and other functionaries for the purpose of doing honour to the occasion, and now the Chamber has voted £12,000 respectively to M. Fallières and Mr. Paul Deschanel, the Presidents of the Senate and the Lower Chamber, for the privilege to be given at their official residences during the Exhibition.

I am of opinion that the allowance is not excessive, seeing that the majority of the guests both at the Luxembourg and at the Palais-Bourbon will probably belong to the democracy. No one who has not seen them at work with their knives and forks can form an idea of their capacity as trenchermen. And their toying with light refreshments is also a thing to be remembered. Whenever I have had the pleasure of watching them, there always returned to me a sentence of Macaulay's review of Professor Nares' "Burleigh and His Times." "The title is as long as an ordinary preface; the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library." But greater than the democrat's talent for stowing away food and drink is his liking for good cigars, and good cigars are terribly expensive in France. They appeal to him in the Wemmickian sense; i.e., as portable property. At a reception given by Gambetta at the Palais-Bourbon in 1880, 10,000 cigars disappeared in less than half-an-hour.

My barber in the Avenue Prudaine, where I lived for five years uninterruptedly, confided to me one day that he had an invitation to the Elysée-Bourbon. The morning after the entertainment he told me all about it. An old crony of his, an erstwhile waiter of Chevre's, looked after his creature comforts. "Everything was excellent," he said. "Our annual ball and supper at Lemardelay's are not better. The only thing I object to is the way in which the male guests fill their pockets with cigars; and their womenkind with sweets. It is not *comme-il-faut*. I smoked one cigar in the smoking-room, and took a second to smoke on my way home. I might have taken a few sweets for my wife, but though it was only half-past ten when I entered the refreshment-room, there were none left."

At the inauguration of the rebuilt Hôtel de Ville, on July 13, 1882, I happened to be, in a journalistic capacity, in a small drawing-room whither M. Floquet, then Prefect of the Seine, had taken some of his distinguished guests, the late Lord Lyons, and the Burgomaster of Amsterdam. In a little while—perhaps half-an-hour in all—after the removal of the cloth and the admirable speech of Jules Grévy, the air had become very close, and the Burgomaster, seeing that smoking was going on everywhere, asked M. Floquet for a cigar. They were all gone. The late M. Alphonse, whose name I mentioned last week as the predecessor of M. Alfred Picard, the present Commissioner-General of the Exhibition, told M. Floquet there and then that the *Régie-auglée*, the State Tobacco Monopoly—had sent 25,000 cigars, and produced the invoice the next morning.

From cigars to a pipe is an easy transition, and M. Coquelin *ainé*, in his new play of "Jean Bart," at the Porte Saint Martin, makes the churchwarden quite an interesting feature in an entertainment which but for him would not, I fancy, have a long run. I have not seen the piece, but am told that, though exceedingly patriotic, it does not come up to "Les Misérables," and still less to "Cyrano de Bergerac." Having been commanded to appear at Versailles by Louis XIV., the sailor beguiled his time while waiting by smoking his pipe, to the surprise of the courtiers, who were aware of the King's dislike to the fragrant weed. He would not desist, and no one except the Comte de Forbin knowing him, and the latter being afraid to acknowledge him, they went and told the Sovereign, who laughed and bade them to admit Jean Bart, "pipe and all."

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

DANIEL ARCONA (Trieste).—(1) Your solution in the German notation is quite intelligible. (2) Mason's "Art of Chess" will probably serve your purpose. (3) The *British Chess Magazine*, published at 38, Park Cross Street, Leeds.

F. HEALEY.—Both problems are distinctly good, and we have little doubt that our solvers will endorse our opinion.

A. N. BRAYSHAW.—In May 1892. Your last contribution is marked for insertion.

HARBOUR HOLCOMBE (Morris, N.S.W.).—We have carefully considered your problem again, but fear it has too many flaws in a two-mover for us to make use of it.

N. G. JEFFS (Nuneaton).—Will you oblige us by putting your problem on a diagram. We cannot look at it otherwise.

Mrs. BAIRD (Brighton).—We hope to publish your capital problem shortly.

H. E. KIDSON (Liverpool).—Correction to hand, with thanks.

W. FENLAW, C. W. SANBURY, J. F. MOON, P. H. HEALEY, G. J. HARRIS, J. P. TAYLOR, and H. GUY.—Problems are marked for insertion, and shall appear in due course.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2116 received from Colonel Adolf Grünberg (Hungary); of No. 2117 from George Stillington Johnson (Colham); of No. 2118 from Colonel Adolf Grünberg and G. H. Bowden (Leigate); of No. 2119 from T. Colledge (Hilbrough) (Lanbourn); G. H. Bowden (Leigate), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and G. T. Hughes (Dublin).

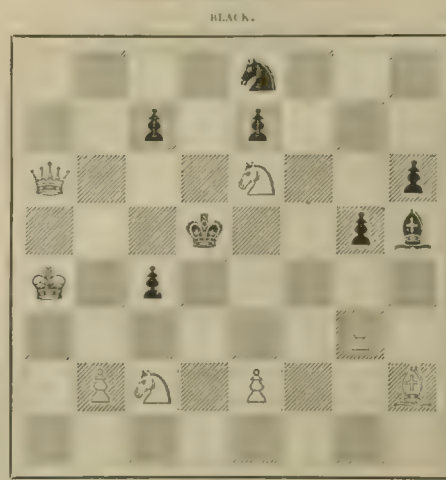
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2120 received from Alpha, F. Dalby, Rupert Rogers (Stratford), Charles Burnett, George Stillington Johnson (Colham), F. W. Moore (Brighton), Edith (Coser) (Roulette), F. J. S. Hauptmann, W. R. B. Clifton, R. W. Rogers (Canterbury), T. J. Palmer (Bournemouth), Sorrento, W. M. Kelly, M.D. (Worthing), Reginald Gordon (Kensington), F. J. Cundy (Norwich), Frank Price (Chiswick), Shadforth, W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), J. D. Tucker (Hilkey), H. S. Bransford (Barnet), W. A. Lalloo (Edinburgh), T. Roberts, Clement C. Darby, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. Watson (Salisbury), and Albert Wolf (Putney).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2119.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to R 6th. Kt moves  
2. Kt to B 5th (ch). K  
3. Q or R mates.

If Black play 1. K moves, then 2. Q to K 6th (ch), and 3. Q or R mates.

PROBLEM No. 2122.—By C. BURNETT.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the City of London Chess Club tournament between

Messrs. A. E. THELDER and R. TOMAS.

(Queen's Pawn Game).

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. B to B 3rd	P to B 5th
2. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Kt to B 4th	D to B 3rd
3. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	18. Q to B 5th	P takes K
4. P to K B 4th		19. Q takes K P	B to B 3rd
To prevent P to K 4th probably, but P to Q 4th is usual.		20. Q to R 5th	Q to Q sq
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q Kt 5th	21. B to Kt 4th	R to B 2nd
6. P takes K	Kt takes B (ch)	22. R to B 3rd	R to K 4th
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	23. Q R to K B sq	P to R 4th
8. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	24. B to B 3rd	Q R to Kt 2nd
9. Kt to K 5th	Castles	25. P to K Kt 4th	R to Kt 4th
10. Castles	P to B 4th	26. Kt to R 3rd	R takes R
11. Kt to K 2nd	Q to Q 3rd	27. R takes R	Kt takes K
12. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	28. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
13. P takes P	P takes P	29. B takes P	
14. P to Q 4th	Kt takes Kt		

To venture more, we should say, though the knight on R 5th is troublesome. He might move and take P to B 4th, and if the Kt takes Kt, the game is lost in White's favour. Now Black goes steadily from bad to worse.

15. B P takes Kt Q to Kt 3rd

Rather pretty, though obvious. If Q takes B, the mate is too clear enough. White plays cleverly all through, and it is worthy of such an excellent tournament as that now in progress at the City of London Club.

20. B to Kt 4th R takes B

31. P takes R Q to R 5th

32. P to B 7th (ch) K to R 2nd

33. R to R 3rd, mate

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## BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: APRIL 17, 1900.

Edward FitzGerald, that lonely, attractive figure, through whom Omar Khayyám has been made familiar to two continents, died in 1883. His Letters, those human documents, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright, were published in 1889. Since then the "Rubáiyát" has become as popular as the "Idylls of the King." It is read and quoted, reading circles include it in their list, the original edition is only possible to a millionaire, and eight pages are needed to set forth the details of the various editions. And what of FitzGerald, the kindred-soul and interpreter of the Persian astronomer-poet. To most of us his Letters suffice. They show the man, the scholar, the solitary, the firm friend, the moody, changeable acquaintance, the intimate of the men of his period who were best worth knowing. But Mr. John Glyde thinks otherwise. He has written a "Life of Edward FitzGerald" (Pearson), and Mr. Edward Clodd, president of the Omar Khayyám Club, has contributed an Introduction. Mr. Glyde belongs to the industrious class of biographers. He has done what he could, and if the real inner life of FitzGerald is not laid bare in these pages, we have a tolerably clear picture of the ways, habits, and conditions of his life, including his marriage, about which there has been endless wild conjecture. FitzGerald was modest as regards his literary work, of which, in a quiet way, he produced no small quantity, chiefly translations; but it is with the "Rubáiyát" that his name is indissolubly linked. Not till the age of forty-four did he begin to amuse himself with the study of Persian. The "Rubáiyát" was introduced to him by his friend Professor Cowell, who came upon it in the Bodleian Library, "written on thick yellow paper with purple-black ink, profusely powdered with gold." He made a transcript of it for his own and FitzGerald's use. It became FitzGerald's constant companion, and he was soon engrossed upon the translation. When completed, it was sent to *Fraser's Magazine*, and having reposed for a year in the editor's drawer, FitzGerald withdrew the manuscript, and determined to issue it himself. It was published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, anonymously, at five shillings, but the public were not in need of immortal works at that time. The price was reduced by easy stages from five shillings to half-a-crown, to a shilling, to sixpence, and finally the copies were thrown into a box, the historic box that stands outside booksellers' doors, with a ticket, "All these at a penny each." To that box in course of time came Mr. Swinburne. He saw its greatness, he proclaimed it, but not till 1868 did the demand warrant a second edition. The cost of that little penny edition is now £21.

In satire as in criticism we have grown very gentle in these days. Critics and satirists are kid-gloved, and when they chide, they chide so amiably that the author or the person satirised may be conscious of a pin-prick—seldom of a sword-thrust. Satire, as it was known in England's more robust days, has trickled into the kindly, humorous, graceful method adopted by Mr. Beloe and Mr. Street. Nobody is offended; everybody—except, perhaps, the young man of the period—is amused. In "The Trials of the Bantocks" (Lane), a very rich, very common, very pretentious family living in Grosvenor Square is held up to mild ridicule. Not mercilessly—oh, no! that is not our way nowadays. It is as if the author, the rather superior author, were saying: "Here is another sidelight of the amusing pageant of life which passes before my tired eyes." Mr. Street is the most genial and sympathetic of satirists. Indeed, I can quite imagine readers running through these pages, and entirely missing the meaning of the book. Each episode in the Bantock history is amusing, each is a deft and delicate exposure of unconscious selfishness, obtuse senses, and snobbishness. The excellence of the tale is in the way it is told. It is put into the mouth of a parasite, a hanger-on of the family, who is delightfully unconscious of the contemptible position he holds in the household. His admiration of the Bantocks is boundless, and from the first page to the last he shows not the slightest gleam of perception as to the character of the family edifice to the building of which he blandly contributes. But his deductions from some of the episodes are a trifle far-fetched. Mr. Street would have done better had he made the biographer just a trifle less dense; but the book is excellent fooling. If one does not laugh aloud and slap the thigh, the pages certainly provoke smiles.

While most novelists must be content with a circulation of hundreds, and some with a few thousands, three or four can boast of a sale of anything from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand. The advertisements announcing these enormous circulations have a fascination. They look so triumphant. They also announce to the reviewer that the book must be read, if for no other reason than that he may attempt to explain the secret of its popularity. In this spirit I opened "The Farringdons," by Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, and read it with determination. It is neither very good nor very bad; it deals with the same themes as a score of other novels published during the year—and yet Miss Fowler is one of the popularities. Why? Is it because of her ingenious mixture of worldliness and other-worldliness (a long sermon could be compiled from the author's theological reflections scattered through the pages of "The Farringdons"); or because the chief characters are always falling in love, or awakening from it; or because of the jocosities that sprinkle the pages; or just because Miss Fowler can tell a story that never seems above a workmanlike level and is well within the comprehension of the average novel-reader? The tale is of love and religion, with a not little surprise at the end, and a serious fault—for it is a serious fault in a novel when the heroine paints "the picture of the year" at the Royal Academy. But Elizabeth is charming in her way, if a little unattracted, and I am glad she discovered in time who held her heart. All the women in the book are well drawn, and Christopher has characterisation, but the breadth of life is not blown into the book of Elizabeth's painter-lover. He could not deceive a school-girl; he would never have deceived Elizabeth. Miss Fowler has the gift of story-telling. What she needs is that somebody should watch her work aimed with a blue pencil—and use it. QUILL.





A BRUNETTE.—BY G. FERRIER.  
*By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.*



## LADIES' PAGES.

A pistol in the hands of an ignorant lad may do fatal mischief, and such attacks as that on the Prince of Wales, however foolish, must needs be trying to the nerves of all other royal personages. It is, therefore, a token of the singular courage that has always characterised the Queen that she should have made no difference in her plans for driving round Dublin. Her pluck has often been demonstrated in earlier years, and one of the most charming of personal anecdotes is connected therewith. It is told by Georgiana, Lady Bloomfield, who was one of her Majesty's Maids-of-Honour in the early 'forties. There was just then an epidemic of shooting at the Queen, which (it is worth while to note for the benefit of the members of Parliament who delivered themselves of so much markish sentimentality in the recent debate on Mr. Wharton's Bill to flog men who brutally assault women and children) was checked at once when, but not until, a Bill was hurried through to make assaults on the person of the Sovereign punishable by whipping. One of these attempts was made so ineffectually that the Queen herself alone saw presented at her the pistol that missed fire. The would-be assassin having then walked off, she truly foresaw that he would repeat his attempt on her life at an early date. The next day the young Maid-of-Honour was ready to go for the usual drive in the Queen's carriage, and was not a little mortified and surprised to see the carriage drive off without her. She was on the landing when the carriage returned, and saw her Majesty walk alone upstairs looking quite calm, and was therefore astounded to learn from the Equerry that a youth had shot at the Queen during the drive. Later, the Queen graciously apologised for leaving the Maid-of-Honour at home, explaining that it was because she had expected to be fired at, and did not wish to expose the girl to the risk. As her own risk would have been obviously much diminished by the presence at her side of another female figure, the sweetness and courage of this forethought for her attendant are quite beautiful.

Sir William Muir has announced his intention to retire from the Principalship of Edinburgh University. His tenure of office will be memorable chiefly for his untiring exertion of all his great influence to open the benefits of the University education and all its degrees to women. Lady Muir was much interested in this too, and the principal hall of residence for women students in Edinburgh is called after her name. Edinburgh has just set a good example in the election of Miss Flora Stevenson to the Chairmanship of the School Board. The election was unanimous, and the distinction has been well earned by many years of devotion and ability of service to the Board's work.

One branch of English art-work will be well represented at the Paris Exhibition. It is a branch in which the French themselves are great; but the display given



A SMART WALKING DRESS.

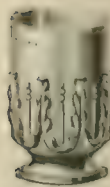
last week by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company at their place of business, 112, Regent Street, of the gem and gold and silver work that they are showing at Paris proved that the London artistic craftsmen can command even French admiration in this line. Indeed, the principal service of silver is perhaps specially calculated to meet the French taste; it is more florid than the ordinary English taste in work of the kind. It comprises a very large centrepiece with a service of smaller dishes in a combination of bright and frosted silver, chiefly the latter, and touched here and there with oxidised silver. The elaborate design may be guessed at from the name—"the Nereid" service: the King of the Seas with his chariot and steeds, and attendant nymphs and ocean creatures. A curiously beautiful effect is produced in another set of table bowls in dull silver, on which are raised in gold large flying fish; the surface, smooth but not shiny, looks in contrast with the gold just like mother-of-pearl. There are many reproductions of ancient designs. For instance, the Coronation spoon, used for centuries in the anointing of the monarchs of Great Britain, is reproduced as a fruit-spoon; an old Irish potato "ring," decorated all round with farmyard scenes in silver embossing, is available for a fruit-dish; and a goblet is made in a design which comes from that curious, almost prehistoric, set of singularly artistic and pleasing patterns, the "Book of Kells." Very fine silversmith's pierced and carved work is seen mounted on the tortoise-shell frames, trinket-boxes, stationery-cabinets, and dishes that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company will show at Paris. Their jewellery also will make a fine and extensive display. The *clon* is a matchless necklace of pearls, all of large size, and wonderful alike in graduation of weight, in purity of colour, in lustre of "skin," and in perfect roundness of form. There are forty-six of these great pearls, covering a string just long enough to clasp a slender neck; and the value is £30,000. Another marvel of matching is a four-leaved shamrock, each leaf consisting of a single big pear-shaped brilliant. A huge cat's-eye, said to be the largest in the world, and with the curious slit of gleam changing in the centre so as to be almost uncanny, is set in an aigrette, with a very fine oval diamond above it. Six Mercury wings set in graduated heights as a tiara; a deep scroll-shaped collar of brilliants set on a knife-edge so as to show no gold; a grand ruby of the true "pigeon's blood" tint made up as a brooch with diamonds; and a trio of bracelets, pearls, diamonds, and sapphires, in the fleur-de-lis design, are only a few of the other splendid jewels that are to go to astonish the world in Paris. The show was purely an invitation one to the customers of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, but it aroused such interest that a compact line of visitors, five or six wide, extended through the long shop continuously for the three days the display lasted, waiting to be admitted as space was made by the departure of earlier comers.

There used to be a tradition that "luck" required something new to be worn in honour of Easter, and certainly, falling so late as it does this year, the season

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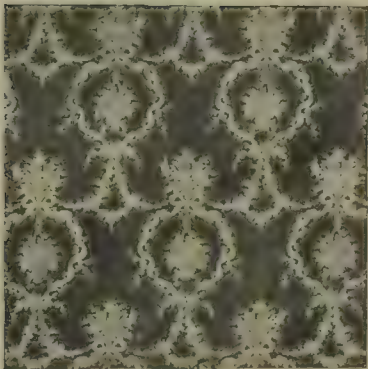
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demands that proper attention shall be turned to the now urgent question of summer raiment. Hats are perfectly fascinating, and ready to harmonise with the returning sunshine. Tulle in great quantities is swathed round most of them, often almost concealing the foundation. For the rest it is flowers, flowers all the way. The hydrangea is easily first favourite, the dainty tones of pink and mauve suiting so well with the pastel shades that are so much used for dresses, no less than with the white and *écru* laces, and the embroidered muslin, and the numerous delicate-patterned grenadines and organdies that suit young women so well. Fancy straw in two shades, or interwoven with chenille, or with rows of muslin between the lines of straw plait, make broad shady hats which are equally in fashion with wide toques of silk muslin and other airy fabrics. The newest of these fragile materials is called *soie brillante*, and is more substantial than many of them.

There are innumerable new varieties of silk on the market, and though many of the silk dresses will be worn covered with transparent fabrics in the height of the summer, the silk is an important factor even under muslins and grenadines. The new introductions will be used both alone and in such goodly combination. One of them is called *epinette*, and is so closely spotted, on a level with the surface, as it were, as to give the impression of hail lying on the ground. The *armure* make is found in a large number of colours, and is at once strong and light-looking. Shot silks, not in violent contrasts, but visible only at glimpses and in certain lights, are to be fashionable. Brocades are for evening gowns or full dress afternoon occasions. Then there are the foulards, that useful fabric, so light and cool, not too dressy for ordinary occasions, yet, if smartly made, nice enough for most times and seasons. To such gowns a great deal of lace is to be added, especially in the form of insertion *à jour*, as the French modistes say—that is, with the material of the dress cut away under the lace to show the lining—and a little bit of some striking contrast of colour is often thus introduced. Green foulard, with blue at the yoke and under the insertion, is very delightful if the tones be well contrasted. The vice-versa arrangement is, perhaps, even a little better in effect; a blue foulard, with green, say a navy blue and an emerald, is a most happy combination. The green does not hesitate to appear in the shape of velvet, in which the colouring comes out more vividly than even in satin, but, of course, the latter may be well used. A favourite idea of the moment is to add a touch of a third very brilliant contrast of tint; and, be it understood, there is *always* in a smart gown some white.

Let us have a description of one such gown, a model of the smartest, to make it all clear. The chief substance is a foulard in a blue something brighter than navy and less so than cornflower, lightly flecked over with splashes of white in the pattern. The skirt is footed by a fron-frou of flouncings, then comes a band of lace inserted *à jour* over green, a plain space of material and another band of lace,



FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON.

up to above the knee. The top of the skirt is fitted to the figure by a series of rows of gaugings, sloped down back and front and high over the hips like a half Swiss belt. The bodice is a bolero—that is to say, it is basqueless—pouched to the waist, and held there under a narrow belt of emerald-green velvet; down the centre it opens very little to show a loosely gathered vest of white chiffon, and the edges of the bolero are provided with tabs and tiny cut steel buttons that pretend that they would close the edges if you wished it (not that they would really do so, however); at the bust, the edges of the bolero are cut sharply away to the shoulders to show the pleated chiffon vest rather widely, and across its snowy surface, rather as if it were a necktie, passes a twist of bright orange velvet ribbon, crossing in the middle of the chest and going on round the neck. The collar and a rim inside the edge of the bolero then are of green velvet, but a narrow ruche of orange velvet ribbon finishes off the top of the tall neck-band of green. A deep piece of green velvet shows at the back of the neck and at the cuffs, in each situation having the orange trimming in the shape of the very narrow ruching; and white lace insertions over green run quite down from shoulder to waist back and front. This is a characteristic model. A similar one was a steel-grey soft silk of the *peau-de-soie* variety, with insertions of lace and with olive-green velvet for belt and parements, the brilliant final touch being given by cardinal ribbon velvet.

Messrs. Hampton, of Pall Mall East, whose extensive premises contain one of the most artistic collections of furnishing and decorative items in the world, are issuing a series of catalogues for their different departments that are of exquisite fineness. The new one, representing the finest collection, is a costly work of art in itself. It gives soft, beautiful reproductions of about one hundred out of the very large stock of fine engravings that are on sale in various states at Messrs. Hampton's gallery. Of course, the reproductions in the catalogue are much smaller than the prints offered for sale, but they are as beautiful as the larger forms of the engravings. The thick cream art-paper, the slow and careful printing, of this elaborately produced catalogue, on which evidently neither time nor expense has been in the least spared, make the specimen engravings, though "process" work, finer than anything that the best periodical can achieve. Moreover, some of these reproductions are in colour, done by the perfected "Heliocrome" process. Among these interesting little pictures are Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons," and Unger's charming portrait of the late Empress of Austria. There are some of the old coloured engravings, too—the work of the Bartolozzis, the Wrights, the Wards—that are just now so extremely fashionable (and costly, because rare as well as charming). Of course, Messrs. Hampton are selling the genuine old originals, but the catalogue reproductions in colour, though tiny, are themselves worthy of frames. This fine-art catalogue is, in fact, an art work of no small interest and importance. FILOMENA.

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MR. AND MRS. BENT IN  
SOUTHERN ARABIA.

"Southern Arabia." By Theodore Bent, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., and Mrs. Theodore Bent. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A touching personal interest is added to this volume by the fact that it is the widow and travelling companion of the late Mr. Theodore Bent, the eminent archaeologist and explorer both in Africa and in Asia, who has since his lamented death, a few days after his last coming home, prepared their joint narrative for our reading. Its perusal we find not saddening, but delightful. The vivacity of her feminine humour, the keen observation of amusing little details, the lively recollection of droll anecdotes, and the brave wife's spirit of comradeship in their frequent adventurous travels, grace with a peculiar charm the instructive revelation of much rare fresh learning which concerns the lore of historic antiquity, as well as the present condition of territories yet imperfectly known.

The south coasts of the vast Arabian peninsula, from Aden near the entrance to the Red Sea, extending so far as Maskat (Muscat) and the Bahrein Isles within the Persian Gulf, form a region of ancient vague and even mysterious renown, fitfully lit up in remote ages by glimpses of Phœnician—indeed of Chaldean and Egyptian—and of Greek, early Mohammedan, mediæval, and Portuguese commerce or conquest, with a fine romantic flavour. One scents a whiff of myrrh and frankincense, the famous product of those shores, as in hearing or reading the name Ophir—which may really have been the Mashonaland of Rhodesia—one fancies the glitter of gold. In making a near acquaintance with the actual state of those now rather inhospitable countries, it must first be understood that they are quite beyond the political control of the modern Turkish Empire, and secondly, that their inhabitants are quite a different race from the Arabs on the Syrian border. Some are here called Bedouin, only as wandering tribes of the Desert, who are no more true Arabs than the Ethiopians of the Soudan. Local and tribal chieftainships or clanships prevail in many separate districts; but the most considerable potentate is the Imam of Maskat, governing the province of Oman, which fronts the Persian coast. His feeble dynasty, of which that of Zanzibar, on the East African side of the ocean, was but an offshoot, is held



BRIDGE OF SLEEPERS TAKEN UP FROM THE MAIN LINE OF THE NATAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS,  
THROWN OVER THE TUGELA BY THE BOERS.

under some diplomatic control by the British Indian Empire. At the other extremity of this region, over a thousand miles to the south-west, is the British naval station of Aden. The island of Sokotra lies well outside that gulf in the Indian Ocean, entirely detached from the two neighbouring continents.

It would, apparently, be difficult and perilous to journey all the way along the coast, but Mr. and Mrs. Bent, upon different occasions, in 1889, in 1893, and 1894, and in following years to 1897, visited each of the most remarkable districts—namely, the Bahrein Archipelago, notable for the pearl fishery; Maskat, the capital of Oman; the highly interesting but rugged and barbarous land of Hadramut, which is here completely described; Dhofar and the Gara Mountains, away to the East; and the Fadhli country near Aden, besides the island of Sokotra, and the African shores of the Red Sea, between Suakin and Kosseir, with a special perambulation of Mount Erba. In some of these instances, so far as we are aware, no published former descriptions had anticipated the results of their local examination; the sketches and photographs which they took have the value

of novelty and originality, and the maps of Hadramut, Dhofar, and Fadhli, in which Mr. Bent was assisted by Imam Sharof, a skilled official surveyor from India, will prove useful to future travellers or leaders of Government expeditions. Sokotra has, indeed, been made the subject of a separate publication, but Mrs. Bent's account of it seems inviting; and though it lacks the commercial facilities of a good harbour, that fine island may some day become an agreeable sanatorium for invalids either from India or from the British East African dominions. Its scenery is attractive, and students of natural history or botany find there many objects of scientific interest.

It is, however, by the manners and customs of the mainland population of Southern Arabia, and more particularly the isolated communities of Hadrami, anciently no small or insignificant nation, with reigning Sultans who still display a certain degree of wealth and pomp, that our attention is most engaged. Mrs. Bent and her husband, though courteously received by princely Mussulman hosts, endured much insolence and rude treatment, extortion of money, downright robbery, and were even shot at, to the danger of their lives, in journeys through that wild country. That lady's courage and high spirit, the tact and cleverness with which she managed to bear her position as the only female traveller, must have been a great help to her conjugal partner. This book is her memorial of him, acceptable to many readers who condole with her irreparable bereavement.

Mr. Baillie Grohman has been doing good work in his endeavours to rouse us to a sense of our shortcomings as riflemen; but latterly he has attacked the service-rifle, and in doing it betrays the civilian critic. He denounces the Lee-Metford as the worst army weapon in Europe, because all others exceed it in rapidity of fire; as though the most deadly weapon was that which fired away the greatest weight of lead in the shortest time. So practical and experienced a shooting-man ought to know that ease in loading is a quality in the rifle which does not make for either steadiness or accuracy in the marksman.



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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will dated Dec. 15, 1898, with two codicils (dated May 6 and 19, 1899, of Mr. John Young Short, of Ashbrook Hall, Sunderland, shipbuilder, who died on Jan. 24, was proved at the Durham District Registry on March 5 by Mrs. Mary Ada Short, the widow, Thomas Smart Short, John Young Short, and Ernest Withers Short, the sons, and John Latta, the executors, the value of the estate being £384,398. He bequeaths his household furniture and effects, the use of Ashbrook Hall, and an annuity of £3000, during widowhood, or of £500, if she should again marry, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children.

The will (dated March 20, 1893), with ten codicils (dated April 29, 1893, Jan. 20, 1894, Feb. 12 and April 23, 1895, Dec. 2, 1896, Feb. 27 and Oct. 18, 1897, Jan. 5 and March 17, 1898, and Dec. 22, 1899), of Miss Emma Teesdale, of 28, Rutland Gate, who died on Feb. 19, was proved on March 28 by the Rev. Francis Barlow Teesdale, the brother, and Douglas Round, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £62,123. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to her brother Francis Barlow Teesdale, £1000 each to her sisters-in-law Mary and Louisa Elizabeth, £1000 each to the children of her brothers Francis Barlow and John Marmaduke Teesdale; £1000 each to Mrs. Mary Anderson, of Edinburgh, and Mrs. John Wetherall, of Kettering; £500 to Mrs. Anderson's Ravenscroft Convalescent Home; £5000 to her nephew Edmund Francis Masterman Barlow; £600 to Douglas Round; and many legacies and annuities to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother Francis, the son of her deceased sister Henrietta Barlow, and the children of her brother John Marmaduke.

The will (dated March 29, 1899) of Mr. Robert Hill Crowden, of Fairlawn, West Hill, Sydenham, and 62, Southwark Street, who died on Feb. 21, was proved

on March 30 by Mrs. Alice Crowden, the widow, Billinghurst Wilson Biggs, and Frederick John Prior, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £47,649. The testator bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for his son Herbert Garrod Orange Crowden; £4000, upon trust, for his

Arthur Crowden; and other legacies. He gives £250 and his furniture and household effects and the use of his residence to his wife, and during her widowhood the income of £25,000 or of one moiety thereof in the event of her again marrying. Subject thereto, the sum of £25,000 is to be held, upon trust, for his four children. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his wife and children.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1895), with a codicil (dated Nov. 30, 1898), of Mr. William Hartley Lee, J.P., of Beaconsfield Terrace, Sandal Magna, near Wakefield, who died on Dec. 2, has been proved by Percy Northrop Lee, the son, John Livesey Lee and Fred Lee, the nephews, and James Henry Cookson, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £43,017. The testator bequeaths £15,000 debentures of George Lee and Sons, Limited, upon trust for his son Percy; £100 and an annuity of £50 to his sister Jane Burnley; £500 debentures and twenty-shares of George Lee and Sons, Limited, to his nephew John Livesey Lee; £500 debentures and ten shares in the said company to his nephew Fred Lee; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1899) of Dr. James Martineau, of 33, Gordon Square, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on March 27 by Basil Martineau, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate amounting to £29,658. He gave £100 to his son; £1000 to his daughter Isabella Lewis; and specific gifts to his children and nephew. The residue of his property he left to his five children, Isabella Lewis, Mary Ellen, Gertrude, Basil, and Edith, and his daughter-in-law Frances.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1899), with a codicil (of Nov. 21, 1899), of Mr. Price Davies, of 27, Midland Road, Headingley, Leeds, who died on Dec. 12, has been proved at the Wakefield District Registry by William Bailey Nicholson and Walter Barrows, the executors, the value of the estate being £483. The testator bequeaths £250 each to Egerton and Edith Nicholson; £1000, upon trust, for the wife and children of



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daughter Mrs. Madeline Alice Mary Ellison; £3000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Dora Violet Crowden and Ida Nellie Scott; £200 each to his nieces Mary Fry and Bessie Crowden; £200 to his brother-in-law Francis Orange; £200 each to his sisters Maria Victoria Crowden and Elizabeth Ann Saunders; £250 to his nephew John

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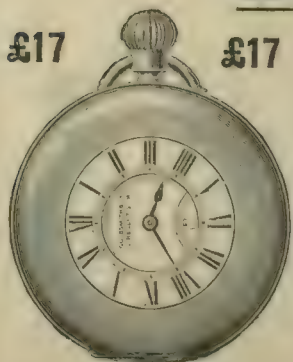
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Calvert Sharp; £250 each to Edith and Helen Royston; and £100 to Sarah Ann Wood. The residue of his property he leaves to the University of Wales, upon trust, for the founding of open scholarships, to be called the "Price Davies Scholarships," and to be tenable at either of the University Colleges of Aberystwith or Bangor.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1874), with a codicil (dated April 3, 1890), of Major James Forbes, of 54, Onslow Square, who died on Feb. 21, was proved on April 5 by Mrs. Margaret Mary Forbes, the widow, the value of the estate being £20,760. The testator gives all his furniture and household effects and an annuity of £1100 to his wife, and, subject thereto, leaves all his property to his sons Robert William Forbes and Henry James Forbes.

The will, dated Dec. 26, 1889, of Miss Anna S. W. W. of 24, Grosvenor Gardens, Regent's Park, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on April 1 by William Watson Rogers, the executor, the value of the estate being £7048. The testatrix leaves her property to her sister Mrs. Mary Brown.

The will of Mr. Edwin Cock, J.P., of The Court Lodge, Appleford, Kent, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 30 by Mrs. Sarah Walker Cock, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £15,403.

The will of Mrs. Louisa Katherine Yates, widow of Mr. Edmund Yates, of the Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, who died on Jan. 27, has been proved by Major Frederick H. A. Yates, the son, the value of the estate being £5278.

## THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.

The Royal Institute has an average exhibition in Piccadilly. Mr. Gregory, who succeeded Sir James Linton as President, seems to go further even than his predecessor in his love of costume and of minute detail. He appears, at all events in his "Guard-Room Dandy," to be taking Meissonier as his master; but his other pictures, "The Beggar Maid" waiting the chance of a King Cophtua, and "The Inscription of Sarg," in which a damsel with a life in the present figure, are marked by greater imagination, and by not less exquisite but somewhat nervous work. Mr. Frank Walton, who has more recently resigned the Vice-Presidency to Mr. E. M. Wimperis, has been studying with good results the sons and daughters of the Island of Sark in bright sun and still weather; while Mr. Wimperis is faithful to the South Downs and New Forest. His pictures are always breezy and natural, and are more the less pleasant to look at because they are all David Cox. Of the younger men, Mr. Nesbit is quite the most successful painter of poetic landscape, and although his taste leads him, as a rule, to sombre tones and evening effects, such pictures as "Winter's Lingering Snow," "The Moonlight Landscape," and others have a glamour about them which few rival artists exhibiting here can boast, although many have gone farther afield in search of inspiration. Mr. Yeend King has found in Wareham and other Dorsetshire towns and villages many

congenial subjects, but they are, like Mr. Aumonier's "Evening," clever, but somewhat prosaic.

Among the figure and genre painters, there seem to be few rising young artists, so that Mr. Gordon Browne, Mr. J. C. Dollman, and Mr. G. C. Kilburne retain their position. At the same time, Mr. J. R. Reid's "Rival Grandmothers," a humorous touch of Dutch life, Miss Dearnham Hammond's "Doubting Lady" (322), and Mr. H. R. Steer's illustrations of Dickens's works and Dr. Johnson's ways show that there is another school of painters who do not depend so much upon fancy dress to make their work attractive. Purely decorative work is best represented by Mr. H. Rylands' "Rhodanthé," of which the draughtsmanship is firm and distinguished; while symbolism finds its exponent in Mr. Byam Shaw's "The Outcast," a picture which is absolutely intelligible to the slowest mind and attractive to the most sensitive eye.

A word here in recognition of the late William Simpson is not out of place, for his half-dozen sketches from Italy, the Aegean Sea, Asia Minor, Tibet, the Great Wall of China, and Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan, bear witness to his spirit of adventure as well as to his keenness of observation. This erudite artist, one of the first to be despatched to a scene of war to depict battles from the life, began his career in the Crimea, and did splendid work for *The Illustrated London News* subsequently all over the globe.

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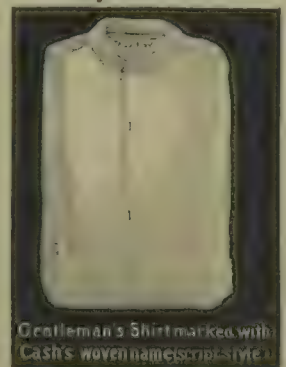
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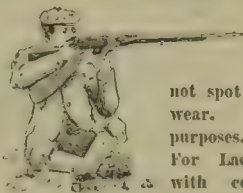
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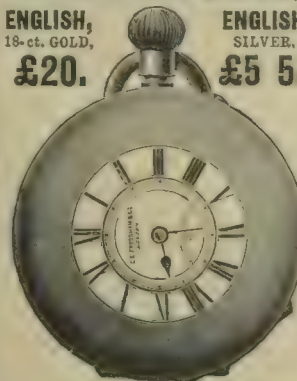
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Sir Alfred says that South Africa is invaded by a constantly increasing army of the unemployed—ladies and gentlemen "who seem to have no particular call of duty or business." Visitors, welcome at ordinary times, may easily now become a source of serious inconvenience, even to the point of interfering with the proper execution of their duty by military and civil officers.

Clearly the time for "personally conducted tours to the battlefields of South Africa" is not yet. The sights to be seen are worth the seeing—there is no doubt of that. The very faces of the people tell their own story. Mingling among the cosmopolitan throng in the streets of Cape Town may be seen men, and women too, who were besieged at Kimberley or at Ladysmith. Letters received in London during the last week have served only to heighten the impression at first given of the privations

there endured. One lady, writing home from Natal to her father, a Surgeon-General in London, describes some of her friends who were shut up in Ladysmith as being "frightfully altered" by their experiences. One had been for forty days in hospital with only bread to eat—bread so hard that it was broken with a hammer, and when he came away and was met by his wife, she did not know him. "Fancy a wife not recognising her own husband!" exclaims the writer. Of other friends in Ladysmith she says that for days they lived on roots and berries, getting water only every other day. The health of quite half the men, she says, is ruined for life; "and they all have a most dreadful look, very peculiar, which cannot fail to strike one." Great, however, are the recouping powers of the Britisher and great the reviving powers of the breezes on Table Mountain.



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Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£	s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£	s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£	s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£	s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£	s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£	s. d.
7 6	by 5 2	2	6 0	9 7	by 8 6	5	4 0	11 10	by 9 10	7	3 0	12 11	by 9 6	7	4 0	13 11	by 10 1	9	6 0	14 11	by 10 8	9	6 0
7 9	by 5 2	2	14 0	10 11	by 7 11	5	6 0	12 11	by 9 6	7	4 0	13 11	by 10 1	9	6 0	14 11	by 10 8	9	6 0	15 4	by 12 3	11	0 0
7 6	by 6 3	2	17 0	11 5	by 7 3	5	7 0	12 11	by 10 2	7	14 0	13 11	by 10 1	9	6 0	14 11	by 10 8	9	6 0	15 4	by 12 3	11	0 0
9 6	by 6 0	3	6 0	12 4	by 7 9	5	12 0	13 11	by 10 2	7	14 0	14 11	by 10 8	9	6 0	15 4	by 12 3	11	0 0	16 11	by 11 7	11	6 0
8 7	by 7 0	3	10 0	11 5	by 9 0	6	0 0	13 11	by 10 1	9	6 0	14 11	by 10 8	9	6 0	15 4	by 12 3	11	0 0	16 11	by 11 7	11	6 0
8 10	by 7 1	3	13 0	12 2	by 7 11	6	3 0	13 11	by 10 1	9	6 0	14 11	by 10 8	9	6 0	15 4	by 12 3	11	0 0	16 11	by 11 7	11	6 0
9 5	by 7 3	4	4 0	11 10	by 8 3	6	4 0	14 11	by 10 8	9	6 0	15 4	by 12 3	11	0 0	16 11	by 11 7	11	6 0	17 11	by 12 3	11	6 0
10 4	by 7 5	4	14 0	12 8	by 8 1	6	5 0	15 4	by 12 3	11	0 0	16 11	by 11 7	11	6 0	17 11	by 12 3	11	6 0	18 11	by 13 3	11	6 0
10 4	by 7 7	5	0 0	11 3	by 9 5	6	8 0	16 11	by 12 3	11	6 0	17 11	by 13 3	11	6 0	18 11	by 13 3	11	6 0	19 11	by 14 3	11	6 0
11 0	by 8 0	5	2 0	11 10	by 9 5	6	10 0	17 11	by 13 3	11	6 0	18 11	by 14 3	11	6 0	19 11	by 15 3	11	6 0	20 11	by 15 3	11	6 0
12 2	by 6 11	5	3 0	12 2	by 9 1	7	2 0	18 11	by 14 3	11	6 0	19 11	by 15 3	11	6 0	20 11	by 16 3	11	6 0	21 11	by 16 3	11	6 0

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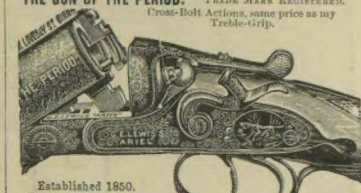
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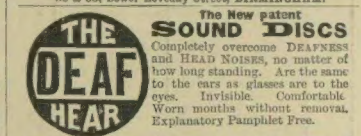
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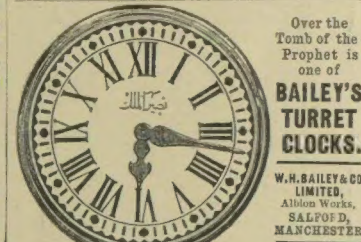
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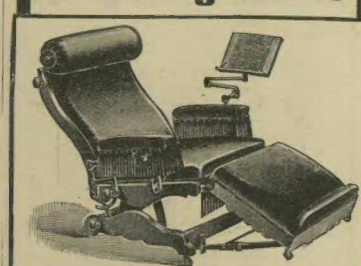
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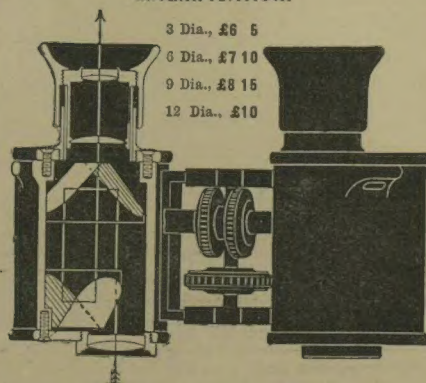
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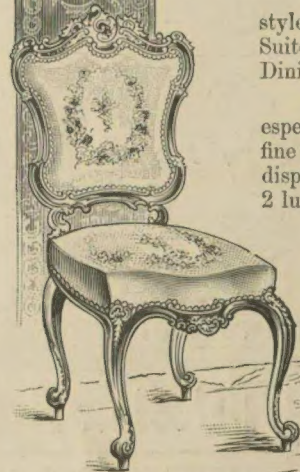
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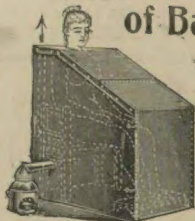
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